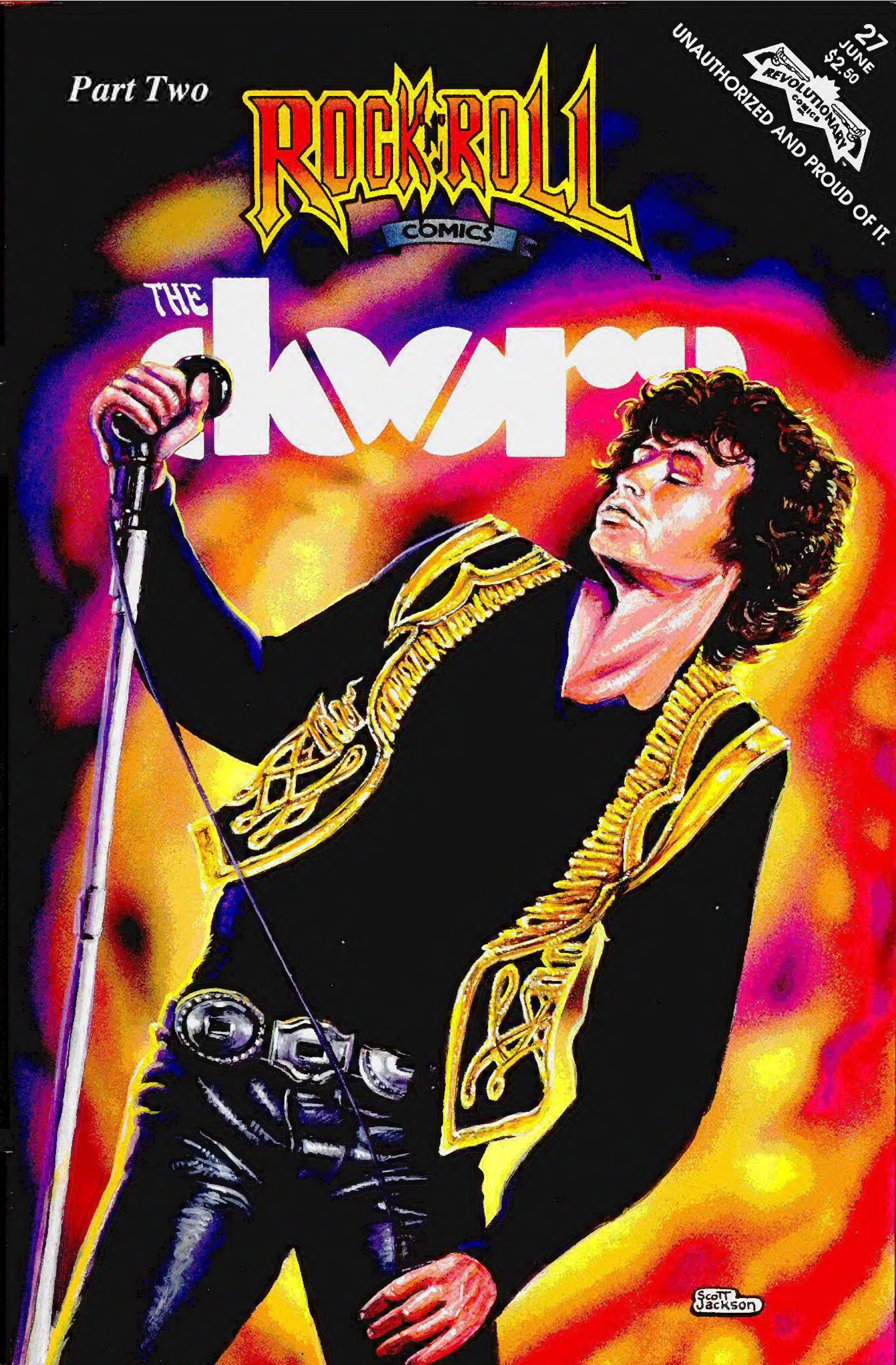
the doors


Part Two
ROCK N ROLL
COMICS
THE doors
27
JUNE
$2.50
REVOLUTIONARY COMICS
UNAUTHORIZED AND PROUD OF IT.
Scott Jackson

☆☆☆ REVOLUTIONARY COMMENTS ☆☆☆

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By Todd Loren

MAD MAGAZINE STEALS IDEAS FROM REVOLUTIONARY COMICS

A while back, you may recall, we announced that we were going to publish a book called "The New Kids Hate Book". This particular book was never actually published, because my car was stolen, and in it was the artwork for the "New Kids Hate Book". When my car was found, the artwork was missing. Now, we could've remade all of the artwork, but since the case was already settled, and it seemed like *someone* out there really didn't want us to publish it, I decided to scrap the idea. Imagine my surprise when I stopped by the local 7-11 and found that Mad had come out with a special issue, featuring what they called *"New Kids Hate Stickers"*! But I suppose I shouldn't have been too surprised, especially since this was not the first time this had happened. A while back, you might remember, we published a satirical magazine called *Barf*. This book actually did fairly well for a non-superhero independent, with no well-known artists taking part. Anyway, after we had completed a three-issue series of *Barf*, I sent copies to John Ficarra, editor at Mad, hoping they might want to use some of this material. After all, let's face it, Mad has never really been able to figure out how to satirize rock, and I was volunteering my services! Anyway, I got a letter back from Ficarra stating that he "couldn't find a single funny/mildly amusing/well-thought-out idea in the batch." I thought, all right, fine. No biggie. I've sent lots of rejection letters to people myself, though never so caustic as his (I always try to be nice when telling people I can't use their material), and I couldn't understand his tone. What had I ever done to him? It was almost as if he had something personal against me, although I had never met him.

A few months later, I picked up a copy of Mad #301. Guess what I found? Not one, but *two* articles which were direct rip-offs of ideas which I had sent to Ficarra! Check this out:

Barf #2: "The Origin Of"

Barf #3: "Honest 'Because' Slogans"

Mad #301: "Basic Underlying Premises Of Various Products, Trends, and Ideas"

The similarity is unmistakable. Check them out for yourself at your local comic book store if you don't have copies of your own. Here's the other one:

Barf #2: "The 90's: A Decade Of Music"

Mad #301: "New Kids Albums Of The 21st Century"

Again, the ideas are identical. I sent copies of all of these articles to William M. Gaines, publisher of Mad, a man whom I've personally admired since I was 13 years old. He did not respond to my letter, and after three phone calls, I finally managed to get through to him. Here's the conversation:

Loren: Hi, Bill. I'm calling to find out if you received the letter I sent you.

Gaines: Are you the guy from the west coast?

Loren: Yes.

Gaines: We don't talk to you. (Click)

I was astounded! Here is a man who is rich, powerful, in business since his father left him his comic book company in the 50's, clearly I'm no threat to him! Yet, out of over 10 million people who could possibly be known as "the guy from the west coast", I got the nod! I mean, in the eyes of William M. Gaines, I am "The guy from the West Coast"! I think I rather like that! Wow! I mean he has actually set aside a special place in his brain to let him know that when I, "The guy from the West Coast", call, he should hang up immediately! Gee! Where's Gary Groth when you need him? I mean, I'm a creator being taken advantage of by a large publishing company! It's Groth's duty as the self-proclaimed protector of comic book creators to go to bat for me! How 'bout it, Gary? Are you on my side? Maybe I can get some money from Denis Kitchen's defense fund to sue Gaines? Peace.

COMING UP...
Ozzy pt. 2, The Cure, Zappa, Vanilla Ice, The Pink Floyd Experience 2, Beatles Experience 3.

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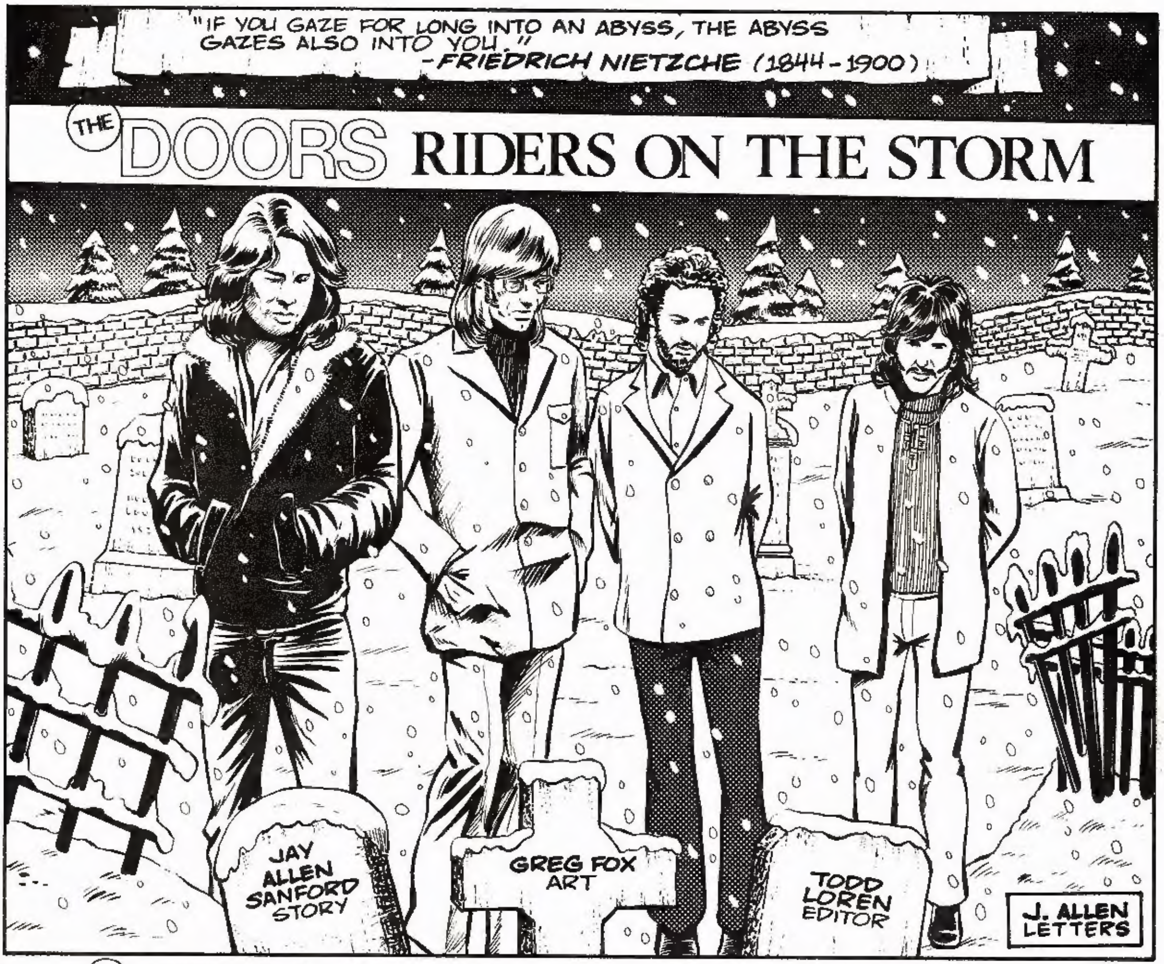


Part 2: THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT

THERE'S WORD ON THE GRAPE-VINE ABOUT A BIG CONCERT IN MEXICO, AT THE PLAZA MONUMENTAL BULLRING. A 48,000 SEATER.
JIM IS CAREFUL AT THE ENSUING SHOWS, USING NO OBSCENITIES AND WEARING NO LEATHER. AFTER A SERIES OF MISCOMMUNICATIONS AND TENSE WORDS, THE MEXICAN GIG ENDS UP BEING SCHEDULED FOR THE FORUM CLUB, A CONSIDERABLY SMALLER VENUE. WORSE, ALL THE LARGE HOTELS REFUSE TO PUT THE BAND UP, FORCING THEM TO LODGE IN A PRIVATE RESIDENTIAL HOTEL.
THIS IS NOT ENCOURAGING, GUYS!
CASA DEL RICO
THE MEXICAN AUDIENCE IS ENCOURAGING, HOWEVER, AS THEY ENTHUSIASTICALLY SING ALONG WITH EVERY SONG.
"FATHER?" "YES, SON?"
I WANT TO KEEEEL YOU!!!
JIM'S RELATIONSHIP WITH PAMELA IS STILL TORRID, AS THEY FIGHT ABOUT EVERYTHING FROM HIS DRINKING TO HER HEAVY USE OF DOWNERS. BOTH OFTEN STORM OUT AND GO WILD ON SOLITARY BINGES, WITH PAMELA USUALLY THE MOST VOCALLY EXPRESSIVE (THOUGH IN ONE INSTANCE SHE LETS HER LIPSTICK DO THE TALKING--ON THE BATHROOM MIRROR).
SOME SEX SYMBOL- CAN'T EVEN GET IT UP
JIM, CLEAN SHAVEN ONCE AGAIN, RETURNS SOME OF HIS ATTENTION TO FILM. HE TALKS TO TIM LEARY AND CARLOS CASTANEDA ABOUT VARIOUS CINEMATIC PROJECTS WHICH NEVER CAME TO FRUTION, AND IS STILL WORKING ON HIS OWN MOVIE "HWY".
IN THE DOORS OFFICE, ON NOVEMBER 11th 1969...
HEY, GUYS, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO TO PHOENIX AND SEE THE ROLLING STONES?
I'VE GOT FOUR FRONT ROW TICKETS, A SIX-PACK OF COORS AND A BOTTLE OF COURVOISIER!
I'M IN! LET'S GO!

LATER ON THE CONTINENTAL AIRLINES FLIGHT, JIM AND HIS FRIEND TOM BAKER ARE FEELING A LITTLE ... ROWDY.
HI, MY NAME IS RIVA AND I'D LIKE TO...
IF YOUR NAME IS RIVA, YOUR OLD MAN MUST BE "OLD MAN RIVA!"
"THAT OLD MAN RIVA, HE JUST KEEPS ROLLING..."
UM, PLEASE, UM ... A LITTLE QUIET. I'D LIKE TO...
...TO DEMONSTRATE THE USE OF THE OXYGEN MASKS...
MY GIRLFRIEND HAS ONE OF THOSE! SHE CALLS IT A DIAPHRAGM!
THE PLANE'S CAPTAIN WARNS JIM'S GROUP TO CALM DOWN, BUT OVER THE COURSE OF THE FLIGHT, A STEWARDESS GETS PINCHED AND A FOOD FIGHT COMMENCES. AS THE PLANE LANDS, JIM AND TOM ARE ARRESTED... BY THE FBI!
THE CHARGES, INTERFERING WITH AN AIRLINE HOSTESS AND PUBLIC DRUNKENESS, ARE SERIOUS DUE TO NEWLY ENACTED SKY-JACKING LAWS. THE POSSIBLE 10 YEAR SENTENCE, ON TOP OF THE MIAMI CHARGES PLACE JIM IN DANGER OF SPENDING 13 YEARS IN JAIL!
LATER, IN COURT, THE UNCLEAR TESTIMONY OF THE STEWARDESSES (WHO OFTEN CONFUSE TOM'S ACTIONS WITH JIM'S) RESULTS IN ACQUITTAL OF MOST OF THE CHARGES AND A $600 FINE FROM THE F.A.A. -- ANOTHER NARROW BRUSH. JIM CELEBRATES BY GROWING BACK THE MOUNTAIN-MAN BEARD AND GETTING DRUNK

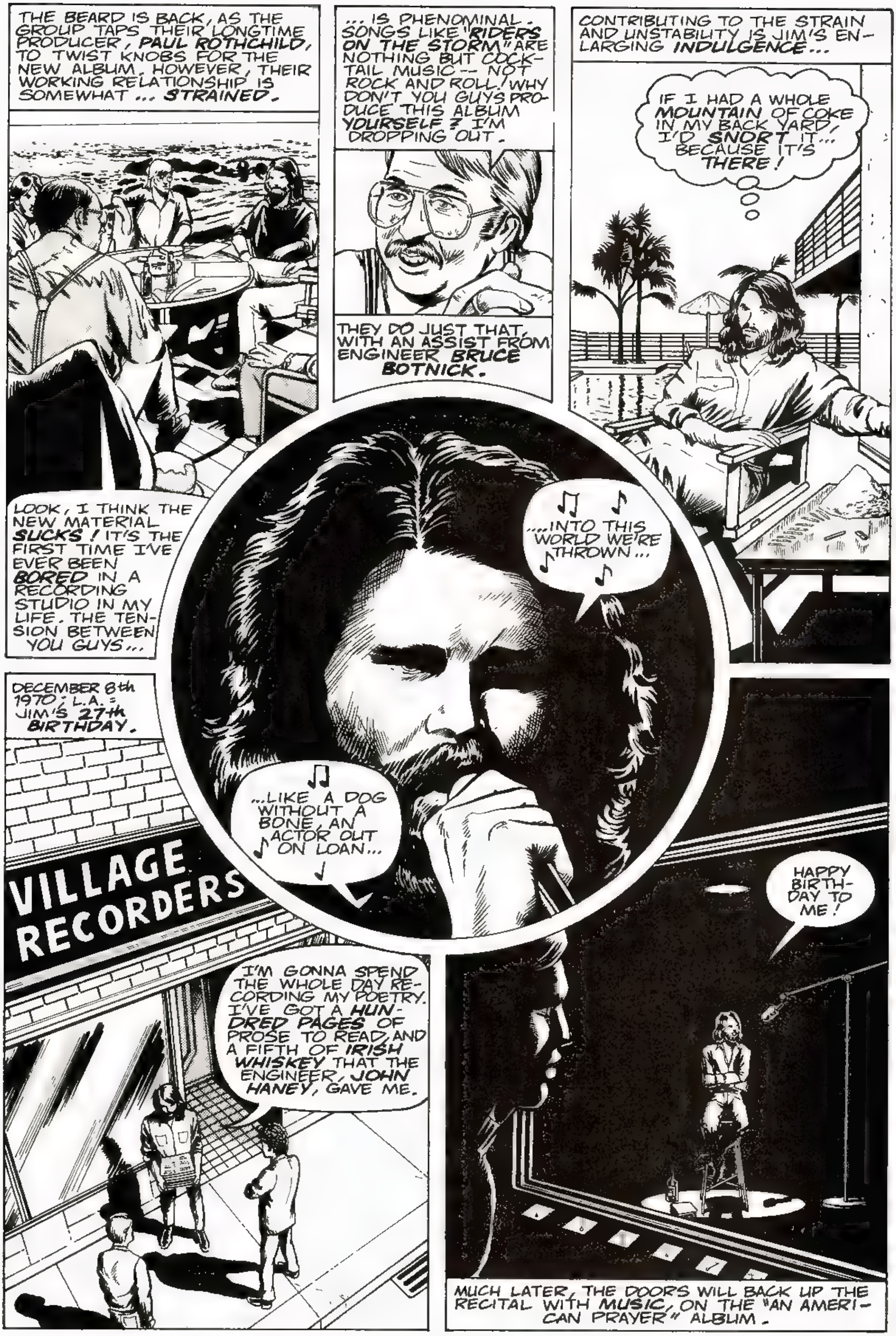
AS THE TURBULENT DECADE DRAWS TO A CLOSE, THE DOORS ARE BACK IN THE STUDIO, PUTTING SOUNDS TO JIM'S POETIC APPRAISAL OF THE CURRENT STATE OF THE NATION...
"BLOOD IN THE STREETS RUNS A RIVER OF SADNESS. BLOOD IN THE STREETS, IT'S UP TO MY THIGH. THE RIVER RUNS DOWN THE LEGS OF THE CITY, THE WOMEN ARE CRYING RIVERS OF WEEPING."
JIM'S EPIC DRINKING BINGES CONTINUE (COSTING THE RECORDING SESSIONS SOME SERIOUS OVERTIME), AND EVENTS SEEM TO CONSPIRE AGAINST JIM'S ATTEMPTED CAREER AS A FILMMAKER...
IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT VARIETY PANNED "FEAST OF FRIENDS," BUT NOW STONE CALLS IT "CORNY, PRETENTIOUS, SILLY, SLOPPY, FANTASTICALLY BORING"... SHIT, WHAT'S WRONG HERE?! THEY EVEN BOOED IT AT THE SAN FRANCISCO FILM FESTIVAL!
ARE YOU HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT PREVIEWING "HWY"?
REVIEWS
I DON'T KNOW-- THE FILMING'S GETTING EXPENSIVE. MAYBE I SHOULD COME TO GRIPS WITH THE FACT THAT IT'S MY MUSIC THAT'S GONNA BE MY EPITAPH. NOT POETRY, NOT FILM... CREATIVITY IS TOO RARE A RESOURCE TO THIN WITH DILETTANTISM. I SHOULD FOCUS ON THE NEW ALBUM.
YEAH, ABOUT THE NEW ALBUM-- I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA FOR A TITLE. ME AND DOROTHY WERE CRUISING, AND WE SAW THIS FLOP-HOUSE DOWN ON SKID ROW, IN L.A. ONE OF THOSE $2.50 A NIGHT PLACES. IT WAS CALLED "MORRISON HOTEL"! CAN YOU DIG IT?!
SOME OF THE DOORS SHOWS ARE BEING RECORDED FOR A PLANNED LIVE ALBUM. HOURS BEFORE A SCHEDULED JANUARY CONCERT AT THE FELT FORUM IN L.A., BILL SIDDONS GETS A FRANTIC CALL FROM JIM... WHO IS IN MEXICO!
I... uhh... I MISSED MY PLANE...
TWA
JIM, THIS IS AN IMPORTANT SHOW TONIGHT! WE HAVE TO PROVE WE'RE A DEPENDABLE UNIT, OR THE GIGS ARE GOING TO COMPLETELY DRY UP AGAIN! DID YOU MAKE ANOTHER RESERVATION?!
YEAH, BUT... umm... THERE'S A STOP-OVER IN MIAMI. REMEMBER WHEN I SAID THAT I MIGHT HAVE A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN? THIS AIN'T HELPIN'!!
JIM BARELY MAKES THE SHOW, AND THE SURPRISINGLY TRIUMPHANT PERFORMANCES GO DOWN ON TAPE, ACCURATELY CHRONICLING SOME OF THE MOST SERIOUS ROCKING OF THEIR CAREER!

IN JANUARY 1970, JIM MAKES A DEAL TO OPTION A FILM BASED ON AN UN-PUBLISHED NOVEL BY POET MICHAEL McCLURE.
FIRST SIMON & SCHUSTER SAID THEY WERE INTERESTED IN THE TWO POETRY BOOKS I SELF-PUBLISHED, AND NOW I'VE GOT THE FILM RIGHTS TO "THE ADEPT." IT'LL MAKE A GREAT SCREENPLAY... IT'S ABOUT THREE CATS IN SEARCH OF A PSYCHIC TREASURE ... A COSMIC ODYSSEY!
THAT'S GREAT, JIM! I JUST HOPE YOU DON'T GET BURNED, IN CASE THE FILM OR THE BOOK GETS JAMMED UP.
IT'S OKAY. I'M RESIGNED TO ROLL WITH WHATEVER HAPPENS. I CAN HANDLE A LITTLE PAIN. PAIN IS MEANT TO WAKE US UP. MOST PEOPLE TRY TO HIDE THEIR PAIN...
... BUT THEY'RE WRONG. IT'S SOMETHING TO CARRY, LIKE A RADIO. YOU FEEL YOUR STRENGTH IN THE EXPERIENCE OF PAIN!
"MORRISON HOTEL" IS OUT IN FEBRUARY, AND HITS #4 WEEKS AFTER ITS RELEASE (THEIR 5th GOLD ALBUM IN A ROW,) PROVING THAT YOU TRULY CAN'T KEEP A GOOD BAND DOWN...
THE DOORS
MORRISON HOTEL
THOUGH THE NIXON STRAIGHTS, CHICKEN PROMOTERS AND WUSSY DJ'S SURE TRIED HARD!
APRIL 7th, 1970...
CHECK IT OUT! THE PUBLISHERS SENT ME ADVANCE COPIES OF "THE LORDS AND THE NEW CREATURES" -- I ACTUALLY HAVE A POETRY BOOK OUT!
EXCEPT... THEY USED THE "JIM MORRISON" BYLINE INSTEAD OF "JAMES DOUGLAS MORRISON." AND THE JACKET NOTES STILL TALK ABOUT MY BEING A "ROCK STAR." AWW, HELL, WHO CARES... I'M GONNA CALL MIKE McCLURE AND TELL HIM THAT HE'S NOT THE ONLY FUGGIN' POET AROUND HERE NOW!

CONCERT SITUATIONS STILL PROVE VOLATILE.
I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT WHEN THAT STAGE MANAGER IN BOSTON TRIED TO CUT THE POWER ON US... JUST 'CAUSE IT WAS TWO IN THE MORNING!
WE WANTED TO KEEP PLAYIN'!
SURE, BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO CALL HIM A COCK-SUCKER OVER THE MIKE!
YEAH, YEAH, BILL SAYS THAT'S WHY THE SALT LAKE CITY SHOW GOT CANCELLED. MAN, I'M TRYIN' TO BE GOOD! BUT IT TICKS ME OFF TO SEE POLICE LINING THE WALLS JUST TO SEE IF I'M GONNA SAY OR DO SOMETHING "DANGEROUS" OR "CONTROVERSIAL." IS THIS AMERICA?! WHY ARE PEOPLE LIKE ME AND LENNY BRUCE SUCH POP PARIAHS?!
ALL AUTHORITY SUCKS, AND KIDS SHOULD KNOW IT! I SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO TELL 'EM -- WITH MUSIC OR FILM. LIKE WITH MGM -- THEY WERE INTERESTED IN PRODUCING "THE ADEPT"... AS LONG AS I'D SOFTEN THE ANTI-AUTHORITARIAN HARD EDGE OF THE HITCHHIKING MOTIF!
THEY WANTED TO CUT IT FROM A SEQUOIA TO A TOOTH-PICK!
PAMELA IS NO LONGER THE ONLY WOMAN IN JIM'S LIFE. HE BECOMES VERY CLOSE TO JOURNALIST AND REVIEWER PATRICIA KENNELY, FROM "JAZZ AND POP" MAGAZINE, A LOVELY 24 YEAR OLD FEY. ON ONE OF THEIR EVENINGS TOGETHER, JIM TAKES EXTREMELY ILL...
GOD, PAM, I'M BURNING UP! YOU'RE A WHITE WITCH, YOU BELONG TO A COVEN AND EVERYTHING -- DO A HEALING SPELL OR SOMETHING FOR ME!
JIM, I CAN'T! -- YOU'VE GOT A TEMPERATURE OF ALMOST 105°!
... I'M A WICCAN, NOT A HEALER!
JIM RECOVERS AND, MUCH TO EVERYONE'S SURPRISE, PROCEEDS TO HOLD A COVEN CEREMONY WITH PATRICIA, A HIGH WICCAN PRIESTESS, AND SEVERAL FRIENDS. THE CEREMONY IS THE WHITE WITCH EQUIVALENT OF A WEDDING!!
NOW THEN, YOU TWO SHALL EXTRACT YOUR LIFE BLOOD FROM EACH OTHERS ARMS AND MINGLE THY FLUID WITHIN THE CONSECRATED FLAGGON OF WINE.
"NOW THAT YOU'VE MARKED THE WRITTEN RUNES WITH YOUR BLOOD, I PRONOUNCE YOU WEDDED."
JIM?! OMIGOD, HE'S FAINTED!
JIM HAS A LIFELONG FEAR OF NEEDLES AND SHARP OBJECTS... PEOPLE WILL DO WELL TO REMEMBER THIS LATER, WHEN FAR-FETCHED RUMORS OF HEROIN INJECTING WOULD ABOUND.

THE "ABSOLUTELY LIVE" ALBUM COMES OUT THAT SUMMER, AS JIM RECOVERS FROM YET ANOTHER BOUT OF SICKNESS (PNEUMONIA, PICKED UP DURING A VISIT TO PARIS). ON AUGUST 8-th, HE'S FOUND ASLEEP ON THE PORCH OF A 68 YEAR-OLD WOMAN IN L.A. AND ARRESTED FOR PUBLIC DRUNKENNESS.
THE NEXT DAY, HE FLIES TO MIAMI FOR HIS OBSCENITY TRIAL.
...DID LEWDLY AND LASCIVIOUSLY EXPOSE HIS PENIS IN A VULGAR OR INDECENT MANNER WITH INTENT TO BE OBSERVED...
...DID PLACE HIS HAND ON HIS PENIS AND SHAKE IT...
...USED OBSCENE AND VULGAR LANGUAGE IN THE PRESENCE OF WITNESSES...
JIM'S LAWYER CALLS WITNESSES WHO DISPUTE THE ALLEGATIONS. HE BRINGS UP IMPORTANT POINTS REGARDING CURRENT CONTEMPORARY MORES (NEVER DENYING THE LANGUAGE USED), AND OFFERS TO BRING IN 28 MORE PEOPLE TO TESTIFY THAT JIM NEVER PULLED A ROD.
JUDGE M GOODMAN
YOU HAVE ALREADY PROVEN BEYOND THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT MR. MORRISON DIDN'T EXPOSE HIMSELF, SO I WON'T HEAR THOSE WITNESSES. AS FOR THE AUDIO TAPE OF THE CONCERT, THE JURY CAN HEAR FOR THEMSELVES JUST WHAT WAS AND WAS NOT SAID.
JIM'S EMOTIONAL STABILITY DURING THE TRIAL IS TESTED FURTHER BY PATRICIA'S ANNOUNCEMENT REGARDING HER PREGNANCY!
I WON'T SUPPORT A KID. I CAN'T AFFORD IT, AND I DON'T WANT THE RESPONSIBILITY. WOULDN'T YOU RATHER HAVE A KID WITH SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO BE A FATHER?
THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN'T AFFORD IT IS EMOTIONALLY!
IF YOU WANT AN ABORTION, I'LL PAY FOR IT AND COME TO NEW YORK TO BE WITH YOU WHEN YOU HAVE IT. I PROMISE. MAYBE WE CAN GO AWAY TOGETHER FOR A LITTLE WHILE AFTERWARDS.
PATRICIA LATER GETS THE ABORTION, BUT JIM IS NOT THERE.
JIM TESTIFIES FOR A TOTAL OF SIX HOURS...
I HAD A FEW DRINKS, BUT I CERTAINLY WASN'T DRUNK. AND, YES, I WAS SWEARING. I WAS MAD THAT THE PROMOTER HAD OVERSOLD THE HALL.
I COULD SEE GUYS SITTING BEHIND POSTS THAT COULDN'T EVEN SEE THE BAND!

THE LIVE ALBUM IS AT #8 AS THE JURY RETURNS THEIR VERDICT...
MIAMI, FL. October 30— MORRISON SENTENCED— Singer Jim Morrison leaves the courtroom in custody of a police officer today after he was sentenced to six months in jail and fined $500 for using profanity in public and indecent exposure. Morrison remained free on $50,000 bond pending disposition of an appeal. The charges stemmed from a 1969 performance by Morrison in an appearance at Miami, Florida, with the Doors.
JIM PREDICTABLY SEEKS SOLICE FROM AN OLD BOTTLED FRIEND...
PATRICIA'S PISSED 'CAUSE I KEEP AVOIDING HER. PAMELA'S OFF TO PARIS. I'M STUCK HERE, THINKING ABOUT JIMI AND JANIS WITH THEIR WINGS. HELL, I MIGHT AS WELL BE #3!
THANK GOD FOR COKE AND BOOZE -- I'VE GOT A TRAIN-LOAD OF PAIN TO KILL!
JIM DOESN'T BOTHER HIDING HIS DEPRESSION, ESPECIALLY WHEN AN OLD FRIEND, FELIX VENABLE, DIES OF STOMACH CANCER. INDEED, MANY ARE THE WEEKENDS THAT RUMORS ABOUND REGARDING JIM'S UNTIMELY DEMISE!
JIM! BOY AM I RELIEVED TO SEE YOU! Y'KNOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD... AGAIN!
OH? HOW DID I GO THIS TIME?!
WELL, IT WASN'T SUICIDE THIS TIME. WORD WAS THAT ROGUE COPS HIT YOU IN REVENGE FOR ALL THOSE THINGS YOU SAID AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT SHOW. OR WAS LONG BEACH?
C'MON, MAN, I'M TRYING TO KEEP EVERYONE OFF OUR CASE. LOOK, I EVEN SHAVED FOR THE "13" ALBUM, EVEN THOUGH I THINK PUTTING OUT A COMPILATION ALBUM JUST TO HAVE SOMETHING ON THE STANDS BY CHRISTMAS IS STUPID. I DIDN'T EVEN GIVE PAM HELL WHEN I FOUND ALL THOSE DOWNERS.
WELL, I'M GLAD YOU'RE SUCH GENIAL SPIRITS!
LET'S CHANNEL SOME OF THAT MORBID INTROSPECTION INTO THE NEW ALBUM!
YOU GUYS GO INTO REHEARSALS NEXT WEEK!



THE BEARD IS BACK, AS THE GROUP TAPS THEIR LONGTIME PRODUCER, PAUL ROTHCHILD, TO TWIST KNOBS FOR THE NEW ALBUM. HOWEVER, THEIR WORKING RELATIONSHIP IS SOMEWHAT ... STRAINED.
LOOK, I THINK THE NEW MATERIAL SUCKS! IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER BEEN BORED IN A RECORDING STUDIO IN MY LIFE. THE TENSION BETWEEN YOU GUYS...
... IS PHENOMINAL. SONGS LIKE "RIDERS ON THE STORM" ARE NOTHING BUT COCKTAIL MUSIC -- NOT ROCK AND ROLL! WHY DON'T YOU GUYS PRODUCE THIS ALBUM YOURSELF? I'M DROPPING OUT.
THEY DO JUST THAT, WITH AN ASSIST FROM ENGINEER BRUCE BOTNICK.
CONTRIBUTING TO THE STRAIN AND UNSTABILITY IS JIM'S ENLARGING INDULGENCE...
IF I HAD A WHOLE MOUNTAIN OF COKE IN MY BACK YARD, I'D SNORT IT... BECAUSE IT'S THERE!
...INTO THIS WORLD WE'RE THROWN...
...LIKE A DOG WITHOUT A BONE, AN ACTOR OUT ON LOAN...
DECEMBER 8th 1970; L.A.: JIM'S 27th BIRTHDAY.
VILLAGE RECORDERS
I'M GONNA SPEND THE WHOLE DAY RECORDING MY POETRY. I'VE GOT A HUNDRED PAGES OF PROSE TO READ, AND A FIFTH OF IRISH WHISKEY THAT THE ENGINEER, JOHN HANEY, GAVE ME.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME!
MUCH LATER, THE DOORS WILL BACK UP THE RECITAL WITH MUSIC, ON THE "AN AMERICAN PRAYER" ALBUM.

AROUND THIS TIME, JIM OFTEN FINDS STIMULATING COMPANIONSHIP WITH A MARRIED SCANDANAVIAN TEMPTRESS NAMED INGRID THOMPSON...
A TOAST TO YOU, MY DEAR. MY CHARMING LOVELY YOUNG TIGHT LITTLE HUMP-BUNNY!
OH, JIM, YOU'RE SO INCORRIGIBLE!
I BROUGHT US A LITTLE LIBERATING LIBATION FOR OUR EVENING OF UNABASHED PASSION MY LOVE.
ROLL UP A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL... COKE IS THE REAL THING!
LATER...
YOU KNOW, I HAD SOME STRANGE FRIENDS WHERE I COME FROM-- STRANGER EVEN THAN YOU! WE USED TO DRINK BLOOD...
BULLSHIT!
NO, REALLY!
OKAY, LET'S YOU AND ME DRINK SOME RIGHT NOW!
THOUGH NEITHER OF THEM ARE HURT THAT NIGHT, THE BIZARRE PROCEEDINGS RESULT IN A BLOOD-SMEARED FRENZY OF ORGIASTIC DECADENCE - THE FOLLOWING MORNING FINDS JIM GENUINELY SHOCKED... HE LATER TELLS FRIENDS THAT IT WAS ONE OF THE FEW TIMES HIS OWN ACTIONS FRIGHTENED HIM!

THE NEW ORLEANS CONCERT, ON DECEMBER 12th, WILL PROVE TO BE THE LAST PERFORMANCE OF THE DOORS WITH JIM MORRISON (SADLY A REPORTEDLY SHODDY SHOW).
♫ ...THE END... ♪
FUCK IT!
I THINK OF MYSELF AS AN INTELLIGENT, SENSITIVE HUMAN BEING WITH THE SOUL OF A CLOWN WHICH ALWAYS FORCES ME TO BLOW IT AT THE MOST IMPORTANT TIMES.
AT CHRISTMAS, EVEN AS LOVER PAMELA RETURNS FROM FRANCE, JIM'S WICCAN WIFE LEAVES A CALLING CARD.
I'm in town. Call me. Patricia
THE TWO MORRISON PARAMOURS EVENTUALLY GET TOGETHER AND, SURPRISINGLY, BECOME FRIENDS (THOUGH PAT FAILS TO MENTION THEIR WITCHY "WEDDING")...
SO, PAT, A LOT OF PEOPLE THINK JIM AND I ARE MARRIED, BUT I JUST CALL MYSELF "MRS. MORRISON."
umm... PAM, YOU KNOW... I WAS PREGNANT. IT WAS JIM'S. I, uh, HAD AN ABORTION.
WOW, IT'S A SHAME YOU DIDN'T LOVE JIM ENOUGH TO HAVE THE BABY.
I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT I LOVED JIM, MYSELF AND THAT KID ENOUGH NOT TO HAVE IT!
AFTER A PERIOD OF INDECISION, JIM MAKES A RARE COMMITTAL, AND CHOOSES TO FOCUS HIS ATTENTION ON LONGTIME LOVER PAMELA (SPARKING RIDICULOUS RUMORS OF PAT PUTTING A HEX ON JIM).

IN EARLY '71, JIM IS FEELING **PLAYFUL** AS HE RECORDS A "JUST SAY NO" TYPE **ANTI-DRUG** COMMERCIAL FOR THE "DO IT NOW" FOUNDATION...
OKAY, JUST SAY "THIS IS JIM MORRISON FROM THE DOORS" AND THEN SAY, IN YOUR OWN WORDS, HOW **SPEED** CAN **KILL**.
YOU GOT IT.
"HI, YOU LITTLE ASSHOLES LISTENING TO THE RADIO INSTEAD OF DOING YOUR **HOMEWORK**. THIS IS JIM MORRISON..."
PLEASE, JIM, LET'S GET THIS DONE RIGHT. **OKAY?**
OKAY, OKAY.
"HI, THIS IS **YOUR** OLD BUDDY JIM MORRISON OF THE DOORS. I NEVER, EVER DID A SONG ON SPEED.
DRUNK, HELL YEAH!
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND WHAT WE NEED, JIM. **FRANK ZAPPA** DID THIS AND HAD FUN, BUT HE GAVE US A STRAIGHT READING. THIS IS **IMPORTANT**! BE **SINCERE**.
sigh.
OKAY. "I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU THAT SHOOTING SPEED AIN'T COOL... SO **SNORT** IT!
OOPS, SORRY. I PROMISE TO DO IT STRAIGHT. "SHOOTING SPEED SUCKS. IT KILLS GEESE. IF YOU SHOOT A GOOSE FULLA SPEED, HE'S GONNA SWIM IN **CIRCLES** FOREVER."
OKAY, THIS IS A **TAKE**. "DON'T SHOOT SPEED. SPEED KILLS. PLEASE... TRY DOWNERS, YEAH, BARBS, TRANKS, REDS..."
"...THEY'RE **MUCH** LESS EXPENSIVE..."
HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH **HIM**?! I HEARD **ALICE COOPER** SAID THAT IF HE CAUGHT ANYBODY SHOOTING SPEED, HE'D COME OVER TO THEIR HOUSE AND HANG THEIR **PUPPIES**! I DIDN'T SAY **ANYTHING** LIKE THAT!

THE RECORDING SESSIONS FOR THE NEW ALBUM, "L.A. WOMAN", ARE BEING HELD IN A REHEARSAL ROOM UNDER THE DOORS' BUSINESS OFFICE...
BOY, THINGS ARE REALLY ROLLING!
IT'S GREAT, LAYING DOWN TRACKS "LIVE" INSTEAD OF ALL BEING SEPARATED IN ROOMS LIKE ON THE LAST TWO ALBUMS!
ME, I LIKE HAVING MARC BENNO DOING SOME EXTRA GUITAR WORK.
AND A REAL BASSIST! MAYBE WE SHOULD BRING JERRY SCHEFF ON THE ROAD NEXT TIME...
I LIKE THE SOUND OF SOME REAL BOTTOM BOOM, FOR A CHANGE!
WELL, (cough), I THINK I'LL SING THE NEXT ONE IN THE BATHROOM, IF WE CAN GET IT MIKED (cough, cough). I, uh, LIKE THE ACOUSTICS (cough).
JESUS, JIM-- YOU GOTTA CUT BACK ON THOSE MARLBOROS! YOU'RE UP TO THREE PACKS A DAY! YOU'RE KILLIN' YOUR VOICE!
YOU SOUND LIKE PAM! "QUIT SMOKIN'", "QUIT DRINKIN'", "SHAVE YER BEARD"... YOU GUYS'RE TAKIN' HER NAGGING PLACE JUST FINE SINCE SHE LEFT FOR PARIS AGAIN TO FIND US AN APARTMENT TO LIVE IN!
WHAT'S THIS? YOU TWO ARE GONNA GET A PLACE IN PARIS?
SURE, EVERYTHING'S GOING FINE HERE-- YOU GUYS CAN FINISH THE MIXING AT POPPY STUDIOS WITHOUT ME.
THE POETRY ALBUM CAN WAIT, SO PAM AND I ARE JUST GONNA HANG OUT FOR A WHILE AND LET THE CULTURE RUB OFF ON US.
SEE WHAT HAPPENS.
I'VE ALWAYS LOVED IT THERE. I'D LIKE TO SPEND SOME TIME WRITING LYRICS, RELAXING, MAYBE EVEN BEGINNING THE IMPRESSIONISTIC BIOGRAPHY THAT MY PUBLISHERS ARE INTERESTED IN.
WE CAN ALL GET BACK TO WORK IN SIX MONTHS OR SO, WHEN I COME BACK TO L.A.

ON THE EVE OF JIM'S DEPARTURE, OFFICE BOY (AND FUTURE WRITER AND DOORS-LORE HISTORIAN) DANIEL SUGERMAN IS GOING THROUGH A SCRAPBOOK OF DOORS CLIPPINGS FROM OVER THE YEARS, AS JIM LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER...
WHAT A TRIP! THE TROUBADOR, FILLMORE, NEW HAVEN, MIAMI...
JESUS, I WONDER HOW IT'S ALL GONNA END? YOU ONLY HAVE A FEW BLANK PAGES LEFT IN YOUR NOTE-BOOK, Y'KNOW.
IT'S NEVER GONNA END ... YOU'LL COME BACK FROM PARIS, WRITE A FEW NEW SONGS, DO SOME TOURING...
YOU NEVER KNOW, MAN.
YOU GOTTA BE PREPARED, DANNY.
EVEN A CAT RUNS OUT OF LIVES EVEN-TUALLY...
WELL, AT LEAST YOU HAVE THREE SEPARATE LIVES ... AS A POET, A ROCK SINGER AND A FILM-MAKER.
MAYBE YOU'VE GOT NINE LIVES FOR EACH! WHAT'S NEW ON THE OTHER CREATIVE FRONTS?
I GOTTA PICK A COVER FOR THE PAPERBACK OF "THE LORDS AND THE NEW CREATURES," BUT I CAN DO THAT IN PARIS. AND "HWY" IS GETTING SHOPPED AROUND BY MY ASSOCIATES.
POP!
I'M ALL FREED UP AND READY FOR THE TRIP!
WELL, GOOD LUCK, MAN! RELAX, TAKE IT EASY, GET HEALTHY -- WE'VE BEEN WORRIED! WE'LL KEEP RE-HEARSING WHILE YOU'RE GONE... JUST KEEP IN TOUCH AND LET US KNOW WHEN YOU'LL BE BACK.

AND SO JIM JOINS PAMELA IN PARIS, FRANCE -- THE CITY OF POETS. THEY SPEND MOST OF THEIR TIME THERE LIVING IN LE MARAIS, IN A LOVELY WINDOW-LINED THIRD FLOOR APARTMENT...
JIM SHAVES OFF HIS BEARD AND PASSES THE DAYS SMOKING, READING "ZAP" COMIX, WRITING AND EXPLORING THE NARROW PARISIAN STREETS, MUSEUMS AND FAMOUS LANDMARKS.
HOTEL
EL DE LAUZUN
CAFE AU BON ACCUEIL
KB
115
THERE IS NOTHIN' LIKE PARIS!
AND, OF COURSE, HE FEELS OBLIGED TO SAMPLE ALL THE BISTROS, BARS AND SIDEWALK CAFES, WITH THEIR EXOTIC DRINKS AND LIBERAL, HISTORICAL ATMOSPHERES.
"OHHH, SHOW ME THE WAY (cough, cough) TO THE NEXT WHISKEY BOTTLE (cough, cough)!.."
THE COUPLE HAVE A FEW TRIBULATIONS, BUT FOR THE MOST PART, THEIR TIME SPENT EXPLORING AND TRAVELLING IS LETHARGICALLY IDYLLIC AND FULL OF AMOUR. FOR THE MOST PART...
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU GAVE THAT ARAB A HUNDRED DOLLARS! I TOLD YOU HE'D NEVER COME BACK!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, PAM -- IT WAS WORTH A SHOT... HE SAID HE COULD GET SOME HASH! SO WHAT IF IT WAS A RIP-OFF?! WHAT'S A LOUSY HUNDRED BUCKS?!
WHEN WE GET BACK FROM MADRID, I'M GONNA SEE IF I CAN GET PRINTS OF "HWY" AND "FEAST OF FRIENDS" SHOWN IN PARIS! MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, I CAN GET AWAY FROM THIS "ROCK AND ROLL STAR" PERSONA FOR A LITTLE WHILE (cough). I MAY NEVER LEAVE THIS COUNTRY (cough).
A PROPHETIC APPRAISAL, TO BE SURE.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE STATES, THE DOORS MACHINE KEEPS STEAM-ROLLING ALONG. A LOT OF SPECULATION GOES ON REGARDING JIM'S FUTURE INVOLVEMENT WITH THE BAND.
"L.A. WOMAN" WAS THE LAST ALBUM REQUIRED BY THEIR CONTRACT WITH US, AND JIM HINTED BEFORE HE LEFT THAT THEY MIGHT NOT RE-SIGN.
elektra
WELL... THAT MIGHT NOT BE SUCH A DISASTER, YOU KNOW.
WHAT?! IN MAY, "LOVE HER MADLY" WAS AT #11, AND THE ALBUM IS AT #9 RIGHT NOW! THESE GUYS ARE A MONEY TREE!
YES, BUT LOOK AT ALL THE CONTROVERSY AND BAD WILL THEY'VE GENERATED!
THEY EPITOMIZE THE "DARK" SIDE OF ROCK MUSIC TO MANY PEOPLE.
WE'VE ALREADY TAKEN A LOT OF HEAT OVER JIM'S ANTICS... HE'S CRAZY! --IF HE KEEPS IT UP, HE'LL BE THE NEXT ONE TO GO, NOW THAT JIMI AND JANIS ARE GONE.
NAH, THAT'S TOO OBVIOUS-- TOO EASY.
LET'S TALK TO THEIR MANAGER.
"...MAYBE, ONCE THEY KNOW HOW MUCH WE'RE PROMOTING THEM, AND HOW WELL THEIR NEW ALBUM IS SELLING, WE CAN WORK OUT A DEAL FOR AT LEAST ONE MORE RECORD."
RINNGGG
HELLO?
JOHN? THIS IS JIM! HEY, MAN, HOW'S IT GOING? I JUST HEARD ABOUT "L.A. WOMAN." WE'RE BACK ON THE TOP OF THE CHARTS, HUH?
YEAH, EVEN THE PRESS LOVES IT. KIND OF A VINDICATION AFTER THE LIVE ALBUM AND "13", ISN'T IT?
WELL, IF THEY LIKED "L.A. WOMAN", WAIT'LL THEY HEAR WHAT I'VE GOT IN MIND FOR THE NEXT ONE! THE OL' CREATIVE JUICES ARE REALLY FLOWIN' OVER HERE!

FRIDAY NIGHT, JULY 22nd 1971... JIM, IN A MOROSE MOOD, SHARES A SILENT DINNER WITH PAMELA AND FRIEND ALAN RONAY...
JIM, YOU HAVEN'T SAID MUCH TONIGHT.
OH, HE'S JUST BROODING ABOUT THE PAPERBACK COVER TO HIS NEW POETRY BOOK.
HE WANTS TO SEND A TELEGRAM TO THE EDITOR SO THEY CAN CHANGE THE OLD PHOTO TO ONE OF THOSE AWFUL "BEARDED" ONES!
NAH, IT'S NOT THAT SO MUCH. IT'S JUST SO HOT LATELY, AND I'M HAVING WRITER'S BLOCK.
PLUS, I'M TRYIN' TO CUT BACK ON THE BOTTLE AND IT'S KINDA HARD, Y'KNOW?
WELL, YOU NEED TO GET YOUR MIND OFF THINGS. THERE'S A GREAT MOVIE YOU GUYS OUGHT TO CHECK OUT, WITH ROBERT MITCHUM. IT'S CALLED "PURSUED."
REPORTS VARY AS TO JIM'S ACTIONS THAT EVENING. AFTER LEAVING PAMELA AND ALAN, PERHAPS HE ATTENDED THE FILM AND SPENT THE NIGHT WALKING ABOUT THE STREETS.
MOULIN ROUGE
LES PURSUED
OTHERS SAY HE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE AIRPORT AND WAS SEEN GETTING ON A PLANE!
STILL OTHERS SPECULATE THAT HE WENT TO A SEEDY NIGHTCLUB, WHERE HE O.D.'D ON SOME HEROIN (ACTUALLY PAMELA'S SECRET VICE), PASSED OUT AND WAS CARRIED BACK TO HIS ROOM AND DUMPED INTO THE BATHTUB.
ROCK
IT IS PAMELA'S ACCOUNT IS THE MOST WIDELY KNOWN. ACCORDING TO HER, JIM SAW THE MOVIE ALONE AND CAME HOME, STILL FEELING SOMEWHAT SLUGGISH...
I FEEL LIKE I'M GONNA GET SICK AGAIN, PAM.
I'M HAVIN' TROUBLE BREATHIN'. I FEEL DIZZY... I THREW UP SOME BLOOD AWHILE AGO.
JIM, I KNOW YOU'VE SEEN A DOCTOR ABOUT YOUR RESPIRATORY PROBLEM, BUT YOU STILL SMOKE THOSE DAMNED MARLBOROS!
I'M WORRIED! WHY DON'T YOU GO TAKE A NICE HOT BATH -- MAYBE THAT'LL CLEAR OUT YOUR BREATHING PASSAGE!
PAMELA REPORTS THAT SHE FELL ASLEEP, WAKING UP AT 5 A.M. ON SATURDAY, JULY 3rd... TO FIND JIM SLUMPED IN THE TUB, LIFELESS. SHE CALLS THE PARAMEDICS.

ON MONDAY MORNING, EUROPEAN PAPERS ARE CARRYING UNCONFIRMED REPORTS OF JIM'S DEATH. BILL SIDDONS GETS AN EARLY MORNING CALL FROM AN ELEKTRA REP IN ENGLAND WHO'S BEING PESTERED BY REPORTERS.
BILL, I CAN'T SUBSTANTIATE IT, BUT WE'RE GETTING WORD THAT JIM MAY HAVE DIED OVER THE WEEKEND!
OH, C'MON-- NOT THIS AGAIN. THIS IS, WHAT, THE TENTH TIME?!
BILL DECIDES TO CALL PAM IN PARIS, JUST TO BE SAFE...
PAM? BILL SIDDONS HERE.
OH, BILL, YOU MUST COME OVER HERE RIGHT AWAY! WE NEED YOU! CAN YOU GET A PLANE RESERVATION?
JESUS, PAM! WHAT'S HAPPENED?! IS JIM IN TROUBLE?! IS HE...
I CAN'T SAY ANYMORE! JUST GET OVER HERE AS SOON AS YOU CAN!
BILL LETS RAY MANZAREK KNOW THAT HE'S ON HIS WAY TO CHECK OUT THE WILD REPORTS...
PAM WAS PRETTY VAGUE, SO I'VE GOTTA GO SEE EXACTLY WHAT'S UP. LET THE OTHER GUYS KNOW THAT IT MIGHT JUST BE A-NOTHER FALSE ALARM.
JESUS, BILL. I DON'T MEAN TO SOUND MORBID, BUT PLEASE... MAKE SURE.
MAKE SURE OF WHAT, RAY?
I DON'T KNOW, MAN. JUST... MAKE SURE.

BILL ARRIVES IN PARIS ON TUESDAY, JULY 6th TO BE GREETED BY A HYSTERICAL PAMELA. HE EXAMINES A SIGNED DEATH CERTIFICATE, LISTING ONE "JAMES DOUGLAS MORRISON, POET" AS HAVING DIED OF A HEART ATTACK. THE COFFIN IS ALREADY SEALED, AND THE FUNERAL IS HELD ON WEDNESDAY, AT PERE LA CHAISE (FINAL RESTING PLACE OF OSCAR WILDE, CHOPIN AND OTHER LUMINARIES).
THE DEATH CERTIFICATE ISN'T FILED WITH THE U.S. EMBASSY UNTIL WEDNESDAY, FUELING FURTHER SPECULATION...
GENTLEMEN, THE NEWS OF MR. MORRISON'S DEATH AND FUNERAL WERE KEPT QUIET BECAUSE THOSE OF US WHO LOVED HIM WANTED TO AVOID THE NOTORIETY AND CIRCUS-LIKE ATMOSPHERE THAT SURROUNDS THE DEATH OF ROCK PERSONALITIES!
TOMORROW, PAMELA AND I WILL RETURN TO LOS ANGELES, WHERE I WILL CONFER WITH THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE BAND.
IT MAY BE SOME TIME BEFORE WE DECIDE WHERE TO GO FROM HERE. JIM WAS A FORCE--A TRULY VITAL MAN, AND WE'LL ALL MISS AND MOURN HIM GREATLY.
I'LL RELEASE A PREPARED STATEMENT THROUGH OUR PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT LATER.
MR. SIDDONS, WHAT ABOUT REPORTS THAT MR. MORRISON ACTUALLY DIED OF A HEROIN OVERDOSE, AND THAT THE DEATH CERTIFICATE WAS MYSTERIOUSLY MISFILED? WHY WAS THERE NO AUTOPSY, AND AS FOR THE SEALED COFFIN, ISN'T THAT UNUSUAL?!
I WASN'T HERE WHEN JIM DIED, AND I HAVEN'T MET THE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN, BUT FROM ALL THE REPORTS IT APPEARS THAT JIM DIED OF A HEART ATTACK WHICH WAS RELATED TO A LONG-STANDING RESPIRATORY AILMENT. NOTHING ELSE.-- IT'S THAT SIMPLE... AND THAT SAD.
ISN'T IT TRUE THAT OVERDOSE VICTIMS ARE OFTEN PUT IN A BATHTUB TO REVIVE THEM?
THE OTHER DOORS SEQUESTER THEMSELVES, AS PAM (REPORTEDLY IN SHOCK) DROPS FROM SIGHT AND CONTACT FOR SOME TIME.

PÈRE LA CHAISE CEMETARY IS DESTINED TO BECOME A HOLY MECCA FOR POP PILGRIMS, MANY UNAWARE OF ALL THE OTHER FAMOUS ARTISTS, MUSICIANS, AND POLITICIANS BURIED THERE. JIM'S GRAVE IS TRANSFORMED INTO A BEER-STAINED, JOINT LITTERED AND GRAFFITI COVERED SHRINE...
DRUGS
JIM MORRISON
RAY LATER GIVES AN OPEN-ENDED ACCOUNT TO "SOUNDS" MAGAZINE, GIVING CAUSE FOR FURTHER SPECULATION ON THE VALIDITY OF JIM'S REPORTED DEMISE...
TO THIS DAY, I DON'T KNOW HOW THE MAN DIED.
IN FACT-- I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF HE'S DEAD!
I NEVER SAW THE BODY, NOBODY EVER SAW JIM MORRISON'S BODY... IT WAS A SEALED COFFIN... SO WHO KNOWS?
THE FRENCH MODEL WHO RENTED THE PARIS APARTMENT TO JIM AND PAM, ELIZABETH "ZOZO" LARIVIÈRE, GIVES AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW AS WELL...
THE DOORS OF THE LIVING ROOM AND BEDROOM WERE BROKEN, AND THERE WAS NO LOCK OR DOOR KNOB.
THERE WAS A BLOODY KNIFE AND T-SHIRT, THOUGH THE POLICE SEEMED TO DO NOTHING ABOUT IT.
EVERYONE KNOWS HOW MUCH THE AUTHORITIES HATED JIM AND WHAT HE REPRESENTED.
THERE WAS ALSO A BOX OF NOTEBOOKS AND TAPES, WHICH I'VE GIVEN TO A LAWYER.
THERE WERE LETTERS FROM A WOMAN WHO SAID SHE WAS JIM'S EX-WIFE, AND THEY WERE VERY THREATENING.
HENCE THE DEEPENING RUMORS REGARDING A WITCHCRAFT-RELATED DEATH, UNFAIRLY LINKING WICCAN-WIFE PATRICIA TO THE ORDEAL.
MANY, OF COURSE, BELIEVE JIM IS NOT DEAD. AS EARLY AS 1967, JIM HAD SUGGESTED PULLING A "DEATH STUNT" TO BRING THE BAND ATTENTION. LATER, HE TOLD CLOSE FRIENDS HE'D LIKE TO "DISAPPEAR" AND RESURFACE LATER WITH A NEW PERSONA, AND HE HAD RECENTLY ADMITTED WANTING TO ESCAPE ALL HIS MOUNTING PRESSURES.

DRUMMER JOHN DENSMORE RECOUNTS A MEETING WITH PAMELA ON A LONDON STREETCORNER.
PAMELA?! IS THAT YOU? MAN, YOU LOOK GREAT! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE... ...uh... YOU KNOW...
YEAH, I KNOW. YOU'RE ABOUT THE ONLY PERSON I KNOW WHO HASN'T CALLED ME TO ASK IF I KNOW WHERE JIM'S REALLY HANGING OUT!
IT DRIVES ME CRAZY, ALL THESE CONSPIRACY THEORIES AND RUMORS. CAN'T PEOPLE EVER JUST LET GO?!
WELL, AT LEAST JIM WILL ALWAYS BE 27 YEARS OLD. ETERNALLY YOUNG. Y'KNOW, I NEVER DOUBTED THAT YOU WERE TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT JIM'S DEATH.
ON THE OTHER HAND, HE'S JUST ABOUT THE ONLY PERSON I EVER KNEW WHO WAS WILD ENOUGH TO PULL A FAST ONE LIKE THAT! AND WITH PAM'S HELP...
IN AUGUST 1971, THE SURVIVING DOORS GET TOGETHER AT AN L.A. FAIR TO DISCUSS THEIR FUTURE PLANS AS "RIDERS ON THE STORM" (ARGUABLY THEIR FINEST MOST EVOCATIVE SINGLE) HITS #14 IN THE U.S.
WELL, WE REALLY ONLY HAVE TWO OPTIONS.
EITHER WE SPLIT UP AND GO INTO OTHER ENDEAVORS, OR WE CAN TRY RECORDING AN ALBUM WITHOUT JIM.
AS OUTRAGEOUS AS THE SECOND OPTION SOUNDS, WE DO HAVE SOME OLD SONGS ALREADY WRITTEN THAT WE NEVER GOT AROUND TO RECORDING.
WE DON'T HAVE TO SPLIT. WE'VE REALLY GOTTEN USED TO EACH OTHER, AND, MUSICALLY, WE REALLY GEL NOW. MAYBE WE COULD JUST CHANGE OUR NAME TO "AFTERMATH" OR SOMETHING...

WE HAVE TALKED ABOUT GETTING INTO MORE OF A JAZZY SOUND, AND WE COULD ALWAYS TAKE ON A LITTLE MORE COMPOSING.
IT'S NOT LIKE JIM WAS THE ONLY SONGWRITER AMONG US.
SPOOK
BUMPER CARS
SO IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU TWO WANT TO KEEP THE GROUP TOGETHER-- I'M IN.
BUT FORGET ABOUT THE NAME CHANGE-- FIRST AND FOREMOST, WE'LL ALWAYS BE THE DOORS!
ALL THREE OF THEM ENTER THE STUDIO, IN ENGLAND, TO RECORD THEIR FIRST POST-MORRISON LP, "OTHER VOICES". TENSIONS ARE HIGH...
THIS JUST ISN'T WORKING, MAN!
YOU'RE LAYING IN TOO HEAVY WITH THAT BASS DRUM -- THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A MELODY PASSAGE!
HEY, WE'RE A ROCK BAND! YOU SEEM TO THINK YOU'RE MOZART ON THAT CHEEZY, CARNIVAL KEYBOARD, AND ROBBIE KEEPS WANDERING AROUND ON HIS FRETBOARD LIKE SOME PSYCHEDELIC SPACE CADET!
LISTEN, IT'S NO USE TRYING TO DO THE SAME THING WE USED TO DO. WE'RE DEAD IF WE ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN! --THE DOORS HAVE TO CHANGE WITH THE TIMES!
YEAH, AND A MORE CLASSICAL, PROGRESSIVE SOUND WILL HELP. WE NEED TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY AS REAL MUSICIANS, NOT JUST HIRED HANDS THAT PROVIDED THE SOUNDTRACK TO JIM'S FANTASIES.
I AM NOT ENJOYING THIS-- THERE'S TOO MUCH PRESSURE.
WHEN YOU'RE KNOWN WORLDWIDE AS "THE DOORS," YOU HAVE TOO MUCH TO LIVE UP TO... OR LIVE DOWN.

HOWEVER, SOME OF THE ALBUM'S SALES ARE ACCOUNTABLE DUE TO CONFUSION ON THE PART OF THE RECORD BUYERS. ATTIDUDES AND TASTES ARE CHANGING.
THE DOORS
OTHER VOICES
I BOUGHT THE NEW DOORS THINKING IT WAS THEIR LAST ALBUM WITH JIM! Y'KNOW IT WASN'T EVEN A ROCK LP!
FOR REAL! I DON'T EVEN PLAY THE OLD RECORDS MUCH ANY-MORE!
Jackson 5
THE WHO
Deep Purple
Neil Young
Crosby Sti Nash
THE GUESS WHO
Black Sabbath PARANOID
THE Osmond Broth
CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL
THREE DOG
STEPPENWOLF
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE / BARK
SAY, HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEW ONE BY BADFINGER?
THE ALBUM, WHEN RELEASED, ACTUALLY GETS FAIRLY EN-COURAGING REVIEWS AND REACHES #31 IN AMERICA.
LOOKING BACKWARDS, ELEKTRA HAS ONE MORE TRICK UP THEIR SLEEVE -- IN ORDER TO MILK A FEW LAST DOLLARS FROM THEIR FORMER CASH COW.
WE STILL OWN THE RIGHTS TO PUBLISH THE SONGS-- WE COULD CAPITALIZE ON ALL THE RECENT PRESS BY RE-ISSUING THE ALBUMS!
BETTER YET, WE COULD DO A NEW COMPILATION ALBUM -- A DOUBLE, MAYBE!
MEANWHILE, THE DOORS THEMSELVES ARE LOOK-ING FORWARD...
WOW! WHAT A RUSH! TURN UP THE RADIO -- THAT'S OUR NEW SONG "TIGHTROPE RIDE"!
COOL! IT'S ALMOST AS GREAT AS WHEN I FIRST HEARD "BREAK ON THROUGH" ON THE RADIO, ALL THOSE YEARS AGO!
HOWEVER, THE SINGLE NEVER CLIMBS HIGHER THAN A DISAPPOINTING #71.

NONETHELESS, THEY GIVE RECORDING ONE MORE SHOT IN THE SUMMER OF '72...
I THINK WE'RE REALLY GETTING THE FEEL OF THIS THING NOW. THESE ARE SOME OF THE BEST SONGS WE'VE EVER WRITTEN AS A GROUP!
YEAH, IT'S GOING A LOT BETTER THAN THE LAST ALBUM. WE'VE GOT THE DRIVE AND SPONTANEITY THAT WE ALL HAD WHEN WE FIRST MET AND STARTED PRACTICING. WE HAVE SOMETHING TO PROVE AGAIN!
FINE. SO THE CRYSTAL SHIP HAS A RUDDER AGAIN. WHAT ARE WE GONNA CALL IT?!
WE'LL WE'VE PRETTY MUCH COME FULL CIRCLE SINCE THE EARLY DAYS IN THE GARAGE. HOW ABOUT WE CALL IT THAT... "FULL CIRCLE"?
THOUGH MANY CRITICS (THIS ONE INCLUDED) FIND THIS THEIR BEST ALBUM YET, ESPECIALLY WITHOUT THE NOISY INTRUSION OF MORRISON'S SELF-PARODISING WAIL, THE RECORD STIFFS AT #68 WHEN IT IS RELEASED THAT SEPTEMBER.
WORSE, "THE MOSQUITO," THEIR NEWEST SINGLE, NEVER CLIMBS PAST #85.
Billboard Hot 100
TITLE
ARTIST
DAMN! MAYBE KEEPING THE DOORS GOING WAS REALLY A STUPID IDEA AFTER ALL.
Billboard

CHRISTMAS, 1972, IN THE DOORS OFFICE...
SO, BOYS, ANY NEW YEARS RESOLUTIONS?
WELL, BILL, I'M THINKING ABOUT DOING SOME TRAVELING THIS YEAR. JUST TAKE A VACATION FROM RECORDING.
AND I'VE REALLY GOT AN ITCH TO DO SOME PRODUCTION AND ENGINEERING WORK -- THERE'S SOME FINE UP-AND-COMING BANDS I'D LIKE TO HELP OUT.
WE'VE ALL TALKED ABOUT WHAT WE WANNA DO, AND NONE OF IT INCLUDES PROJECTS THAT CAN COME UNDER THE BANNER OF "THE DOORS."
SO... uhh... WHAT ARE YOU GUYS SAYING?
THE DOORS ARE NO MORE, BILL-- WE'RE BREAKING UP.
DAMMIT.
"THE BEST OF THE DOORS" GOES GOLD IN OCTOBER 1973, EVEN THOUGH THE BAND ITSELF IS SPLIT. RAY KEEPS BUSY AS A SOLO ARTIST, INCLUDING SOME 1975 SESSIONS WITH GUITAR WHIZ LARRY CARLTON ("THE GOLDEN SCARAB") AND JOE WALSH ("THE WHOLE THING STARTED WITH ROCK AND ROLL...."). IN 1977, HE HAS THE "NITE CITY" ALBUM WITH HUNT SALES, AND IN 1978 HE RELEASES "GOLDEN DAYS, DIAMOND NIGHTS."

KRIEGER AND DENSMORE PRODUCE FOR THE COMFORTABLE CHAIRS AND TOGETHER, FORM THE BUTTS BAND, AS WELL AS PLAYING NUMEROUS SESSIONS...
PAMELA DIES ON APRIL 25th 1974 OF WHAT IS PERCEIVED TO BE A HEROIN OVERDOSE. ANY SECRET INFORMATION SHE MIGHT HAVE HAD REGARDING JIM'S DEATH GOES INTO THE GROUND WITH HER.
IN 1977, ROBBIE HAS AN ALBUM OUT, "BOBBIE KRIEGER AND FRIENDS," AND JOHN PLAYS BASS ON THE RECORD AS WELL...
ONE STRANGE OCCURRENCE, AS RAY MEETS PROTOTYPAL PUNKSTER IGGY POP...
IGGY, YOU'VE GOT SO MUCH RAW POWER, SUCH A DEEP AND RESONANT VOICE!
PLUS, YOU'VE GOT SUCH A... well... DANGEROUS REP!
THANKS, MAN! YOU MAKE ME SOUND A LOT LIKE JIM! IF I WAS JUST AS GOOD LOOKING AS HIM, I COULDA BEEN THE LIZARD KING INSTEADA THE LORD OF THE RATS!
HMMM... YOU KNOW, I'M STILL IN TOUCH WITH ROBBIE AND JOHN...
MAYBE WE SHOULD ALL DO SOMETHING TOGETHER-- RE-OPEN THE DOORS!
THE BIZARRE PROPOSAL NEVER COMES TO FRUITION, HOWEVER (THOUGH ONE WONDERS JUST WHAT THE END RESULT MIGHT HAVE BEEN LIKE!

IN 1978, JOHN DENSMORE MAKES AN IMPORTANT CALL...
IS THIS JOHN HANEY? THIS IS JOHN DENSMORE, REMEMBER ME?
SURE. LISTEN, REMEMBER THOSE SESSIONS YOU DID WITH JIM RECITING HIS POETRY?
YOU DO?
YOU STILL HAVE THE MASTERS?
THE DOORS REUNITE IN THE STUDIO OVER THE NEXT THREE MONTHS TO RECORD THE BACKING MUSIC TO THE TAPES, AND THE ALBUM, WHEN RELEASED, HITS #54 AND SPARKS A RENEWED INTEREST IN THE BAND...
AN AMERICAN PRAYER
JIM MORRISON
THE DOORS
FURTHERING THE DOORS REVIVAL IS THE USE OF THEIR MUSIC IN THE FILM "APOCALYPSE NOW."
FREQUENT DOORS HANGER-ON JOURNALIST DANNY SUGERMAN (ALONG WITH JERRY HOPKINS) WRITES A BRUTALLY HONEST BIOGRAPHY OF JIM, WHICH STAYS ON THE NY TIMES BESTSELLER LIST FOR NINE MONTHS.
NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE
GOD, HERE IT IS, ALMOST THE END OF 1980, AND I'M HEARING AND READING ABOUT US EVERYWHERE! HAVE YOU READ THIS BOOK, ROBBIE?
YEAH, A LOT OF IT IS PEPETUATING MYTHS AND BULLSHIT THAT JIM LAID ON GULLIBLE SUCKERS. A LOT IS JUST PLAIN MADE UP. SOME OF IT IS TRUE. I SHOULD WRITE MY OWN VERSION OF THOSE HAZY, CRAZY DAYS.
BUT ALL THE PRESS IS PRETTY STIMULATING AND GRATIFYING. THE GREATEST HITS ALBUM WENT PLATINUM, AND ALL THE OLD ALBUMS ARE BEING RE-ISSUED AND SELLING BETTER THAN EVER!

ON JULY 3rd 1981, THE SURVIVING DOORS GATHER WITH HUNDREDS OF FANS FOR A CANDLELIGHT VIGIL AT JIM'S GRAVE-SITE (THE STAR DOES NOT PUT IN AN APPEARANCE).
JIM
DOCUMENTING THE WIDESPREAD REVIVAL OF DOORS MANIA, THE SEPTEMBER 17th 1981 ISSUE OF ROLLING STONE FEATURES THE APROPOS TAG-LINE "HE'S HOT, HE'S SEXY AND HE'S DEAD"!
Rolling Stone
Jim Morrison
He's hot, he's sexy and he's dead
IN 1983, RAY IS COLLABORATING WITH NEW-AGE COMPOSER PHILIP GLASS ("CARMINA BURANA") AS A NEW LIVE DOORS ALBUM IS RELEASED, COMPRISED OF RECENTLY UNEARTHED DOORS TAPES (PREVIOUSLY LOST, BUT UNCOVERED DURING AN INTENSIVE YEAR-LONG SEARCH BY THE BAND AND PAUL ROTHCHILD.
THE ALBUM "ALIVE SHE CRIED" HITS #23 AND FEATURES A RAUNCHY VERSION OF "GLORIA" RECORDED AT A 1969 SOUNDCHECK AT THE AQUARIUS THEATRE.
WELL, NOW THAT WE KNOW EACH OTHER A LITTLE BETTER, WHY DON'T YOU COME ON OVER HERE...
...MAKE ME FEEL ALRIGHT!
WRAP YOUR LEGS AROUND MY HEAD--
WRAP YOUR ARMS AROUND MY FEET...
THE ALBUM IS ONE OF THE FINEST COLLECTIONS OF MEATY LIVE CUTS EVER PUT TO VINYL!

ON FEBRUARY 24th 1986, RAY, JOHN AND ROBBIE RE-UNITE FOR A CONCERT AT THE L.A. FORUM, "THE VIETNAM VETERANS SALUTE" (ALONG WITH THE BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD, COUNTRY JOE AND OTHERS).
BACKSTAGE...
I GOT A CALL FROM A PRODUCER WHO WANTS TO RE-LEASE A VIDEO WITH LIVE CLIPS, STUDIO AND TV APPEARANCES WE FILMED.
YEAH, HE CALLED ME TOO. "THE DOORS: DANCE ON FIRE" HE WANTS TO CALL IT. WHAT THE HELL... THIS IS LIKE A RENAISSANCE FOR US, A SECOND COMING, AND ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS BASK!
JIM WOULD LOVE THIS!
IF HE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE, HE'S EAT-ING ALL THIS UP!
...THAT IS, UNLESS HE'S PISSED ABOUT THE FACT THAT HE'S NOW MORE RECOGNIZABLE THAN EVER!
IN JULY, 1987, THE ALBUM AND VIDEO "LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL" ARE RELEASED, CAPTURING A MEDIOCRE 1968 CONCERT PERFORMANCE.
THROUGHOUT THE EIGHTIES, THE EX-DOORS MAINTAIN A HIGH PROFILE IN THE INDUSTRY, INVOLVING THEMSELVES IN FRESH NEW PROJECTS. RAY PRODUCES BANDS LIKE L.A.'S NOTED "X".

ROBBIE KRIEGER DOES SOME SESSIONS, AND, IN 1989, JOINS THE WHIRLWIND "NIGHT OF THE GUITARS" TOUR TO JAM WITH L.A.'S OTHER SEMINAL ROCKERS, SPIRIT.
ONE OF THE MOST GENUINELY HIP ROCK SHOWS ON TV, USA'S "NIGHT FLIGHT" AIRS EXTREMELY RARE TV FOOTAGE AND INTERVIEWS, THUS ADDING TO THE AVAILABLE LEXICON OF ICONIGRAPHIC DOORS IMAGES.
Y'KNOW, EVERY ONE OF OUR ALBUMS IS PLATINUM NOW--WE ARE TWICE AS BIG NOW, 20 YEARS LATER -- AS WE EVER WERE!
YEAH, I SAW ALL THESE "DOORS TRIBUTE BANDS" LISTED IN THE VILLAGE VOICE, LIKE "CRYSTAL SHIP", "YOUNG LIONS".
PLUS, I KEEP GETTING APPROACHED BY PRODUCERS WHO WANT TO DO A DOORS FILM...
AS THE NINETIES GET WELL UNDER WAY, THE DOORS ARE POISED FOR THEIR THIRD RUN UP THE LADDER OF SUCCESS. IN 1991, A NEW MORRISON BIOGRAPHY IS ON THE SCHEDULE, NOT TO MENTION THE MUCH-ANTICIPATED (AND YEARS-IN-THE-MAKING) DOORS FILM, DIRECTED BY OLIVER "PLATOON" STONE AND STARRING VAL KILMER AS JIM MORRISON.
THE LIZARD KING MAY (OR MAY NOT) BE LONG DEAD, THE ENDURING LEGEND OF THE DOORS CONTINUES TO GROW!
"SO WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER, TURN OUT THE LIGHTS. THE MUSIC IS YOUR SPECIAL FRIEND, DANCE ON FIRE AS IT INTENDS, MUSIC IS YOUR ONLY FRIEND. UNTIL THE END. UNTIL THE END. UNTIL...
...THE END!